

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
EDITORIAL BOARD:
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Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

IS A BOND A SCRAP OF PAPER?
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WE ARE averse, utterly averse, to attacks that are merely factional on the administration of municipal affairs. We find no sympathy anywhere, except among chronic malcontents, with political warfare against the President of the United States.

WE lament the statement given out by Senator Penrose recently at St. Louis wherein he declared that the Republican campaign this fall would be an attack on the war policies of the nation and an attempt to discredit those policies.

This is political camouflage, pure and simple. The war is not the issue. Mitchell tried to make it the issue in his recent campaign in New York, but Washington was quick to frown on such a division and very promptly and properly took that wind from the Mitchell sails.

It may be necessary, in the national interest, to combat at the polls some specific policy or policies of the President, but the country will not endure captious criticism for political purposes only.

The government of Philadelphia for two years has been peculiarly disgraceful. It has been fettered by official lawlessness of the worst sort and arrogant disregard of the proprieties and decencies of official life.

Instead of hysterical investigations of comparatively little final importance, if we must have an investigation why not a real one to discover how many thousands of dollars, if any, the city is likely to lose through abrogation of contracts entered into last summer?

Voluntary rationing ended in London yesterday and the city goes on a ration-card system today. Good luck, London; we're eating war bread, too.

NO BARBARIANS LIKE THESE
ARCHITECTS and other artists sometimes like to talk about the present waste and decay of so much of that which we call civilization.

A little Italy grocer has had his shop closed for selling sugar at exorbitant prices. The only reason we have no law to punish wasters as well as extortionists is that it is hard even for the law to reach towards the grocer at least had the nerve to do wrong in public.

The Federal Government must be in error in its opinion that vice flaunts itself in the face of the community. We were informed some time since that all the disreputable folk had been driven away and a supplementary campaign had put the gamblers out of business.

normal? They are the same young men who a few months ago were decaying for lack of exercise and mental stimulant, who were dying at a higher rate of percentage at home than men die in the army.

LABOR TO VISIT MR. WILSON

AN EVENT of the first magnitude has taken place in London. The interrelated labor conference, supported by the Labor and Socialist parties of England, France, Italy, Belgium, Portugal, Rumania and South Africa, has taken action which, while it emphatically indorses the war aims of their Governments, insists on an immediate conference between the radicals of Germany and Allied countries.

The importance of this coming visit must be measured by the political power of the men the delegates represent. Arthur Henderson, leader of the British labor movement, was a member of the Lloyd George war cabinet and resigned because he favored a more definite invitation to German liberals to state their war aims than the British Government found advisable to suggest.

But who are "the representatives of the American democracy"? The visitors will find them at the capital. Strong labor men, such as Secretary of Labor Wilson and his assistant, Louis F. Post, have not felt called upon to resign from the Administration, and yet they are as radical as Mr. Henderson. Mr. Gompers is cooperating with the Government. He said on Washington's Birthday:

I say to the Kaiser, I say to the Germans in the name of the American labor movement, "You can't talk peace with American workers; you can't talk peace with us; you can't talk to us at all now. We are fighting now. Either you smash your Kaiser autocracy or we will smash it for you."

ON SCHEDULE TIME
NEVER has an extensive invasion aroused so little interest as that of the Germans in Russia. The arrival of advance guards at points fifteen or twenty miles nearer Petrograd is an uneventful as the safe arrival of a local milk train on schedule time.

WHEAT OR CATASTROPHE?
THERE is no camouflage in Hoover's strategy. He never hangs to the tail of the bull, but takes it by the horns. And this is his ultimatum: Wheat or catastrophe!

NEXT CONGRESS MUST BE ALL-AMERICAN
THE next Congress—it will be very vitally a war Congress—must be all-American. To bar any misplaced Reichstag members from the Capitol and to scourge out some who now defile the temple, it is not too soon to anticipate next fall's polls.

The Democratic National Committee from Minnesota, in the heart of the suspected zone, proposes fusion of Democrats and Republicans in every district or State in which there is a possibility of the return of the pro-German, pacifist or Socialist Senator or Representative. The proposition is revolutionary in a partisan sense, of course, Democrats and Republicans have fused time and again for municipal reform, but not on a large national scale.

The slacker who married his mother-in-law to avoid the draft had more courage than he gave himself credit for. We are mighty glad that locomotives intended for Russia were never permitted to be sent. Otherwise, the Hun would be in the cab.

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COLLEGE WOMEN AND THE WAR
Yassar took census of her resources and reported a war service company. Girls dispatched more than 8000 surgical dressings to the front.

WHY HUNS GRIP LORRAINE
The first stone in the foundation of the present war was laid in 1870, the despoiled France of Lorraine. This was true not alone because France regards with jealous solicitude every foot of French soil.

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GOV. PENNYPACKER DESCRIBES STUART

Says Main Thought of His Successor at Harrisburg Was to "Avoid Responsibility"

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY, No. 45 (Copyright, 1918, by Public Ledger Company)
ABOUT this time I became associated with Alton B. Parker, who ran against Roosevelt for the presidency; Richard Olney, Mr. Cleveland's Attorney General; Nicholas Longworth, Roosevelt's son-in-law; Frederick B. Niedringhaus, of St. Louis; General Benjamin F. Tracy, Thomas B. Wamamaker, George Gray, of Delaware, and others, in an effort to change the management of the New York Life Insurance Company and the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Governor Stokes, of New Jersey
On the 21st of June Governor E. C. Stokes, of New Jersey, and I delivered addresses at the dedication of the monument at Red Bank. A dreadfully hot day, a long ride amid shouting throngs over dusty country roads and a crowded platform covered with canvas just above our heads which shut out the air were the incidents which marked the occasion.

On the 21st of June I appointed the first board of Registration Commissioners to register voters in Philadelphia, and selected George G. Plerie, Clinton Rogers Woodruff, J. Henry Scattergood and John Cadwalader, Jr. Plerie and Scattergood were acceptable to Penrose and the party managers. Cadwalader I appointed against the earnest protest of the leaders of both the Republican and Democratic parties, because he was a gentleman who I knew would be fair, though narrow and beyond influence, and partly because of my great regard for his father.

This year, July 25, the National Guard had their encampment at Gettysburg, where I again inspected, on foot, every man and took the review from a balcony. There was little comment on the method. Edwin S. Stuart
In September came the effort to overthrow Penrose as the State leader, of which I had forewarned him and Durham two years before, and much to my surprise it came in the shape of an attack upon the Capitol and the moneys expended in its erection and equipment over which I had supposed everybody was happy.

The third guest, who hasn't figured before in this serial for the very simple reason that he had said nothing, now takes a hand. His name, as you know, said he, "is George Penrose, and he is a mere foolhead and lived there until I was close upon my majority. I'll tell you the truth about 'Finnan, Findon or Findhorn Haddie' for all that they might have said in mere foolishness. When I was a lad in Aberdeen I used often to buy for tenpence—a tin to use, as often as I had tenpence to spare—a fine dining which was made from small fishing village a few miles away called 'Findon' or 'Findhorn', or as it was most frequently shortened, 'Finnan.' It was a small haddock, partially salted and smoked, which was prepared by the folk of that village, and where else. It was not a good 'saver,' and I remember that for a long time it never got further into England than Liverpool. It would not stand long enough to be carried to London. When I came over here, in 1884, I was surprised to find it in Boston. I learned, upon inquiry, that a number of Finlanders, emigrating to Nova Scotia, had brought with them the secret of preparing the fish and had found a ready market for it in this country. The climate, perhaps, has kept these good long enough to be carried to London. When I came over here, in 1884, I was surprised to find it in Boston.

WHY HUNS GRIP LORRAINE
The first stone in the foundation of the present war was laid in 1870, the despoiled France of Lorraine. This was true not alone because France regards with jealous solicitude every foot of French soil, but because Lorraine is the most important of the German scheme of things, out of which scheme grew the Pan-German creed of a Teuton hegemony in Europe.

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Mrs. Bridget Quinn, of Conifer

To Conifer, a village in the State Whose title is "the woody land of Penn."

Distortedly and vaguely penetrate The shouts and calls of distant fighting men.

From Conifer this earnest letter went To Secretary Baker of the War: Dear sir, please tell me where it should be sent

And I will send my own and maybe more. I'm glad to be of service in this way. And if a woman's hair can help to win By making of munitions, as they say, I'll quickly cut mine off and send it to you.

My little daughter's too true. Please tell me if it's true. And also where to send it, Bridget Quinn."

That's all! It's just a simple little story Of sacrifice and woman's crowning glory. So rouse ye, men! and lift a cheer for Hail! Mrs. Bridget Quinn, of Conifer! TOM DALY.

WHY IS A HADDIE CALLED "FINNAN"?

A Couple of Incorrect Names and One That Seems to Ring True

THE title seems to be something in the food furnished by certain restaurants which makes the haddock distasteful. We name no names, but this appears to be particularly true of a house on Twelfth street above Chestnut, famous for its excellent food, its cooking and the crackliness of the guests.

Three of these guests seated around a table at luncheon on Saturday took another to task for a little tale he had written about Finnan Haddie, "in the first place," said one, "you don't even know how to spell it. It isn't 'Finnan Haddie,' but 'Finnan.' Any dictionary will tell you that."

Which, of course, chimed in another, "is merely a variation of 'Finland,' and one, 'you don't even know how to spell it. It isn't 'Finnan Haddie,' but 'Finnan.' Any dictionary will tell you that."

When the case came up in court the defendant and witnesses in his favor testified that the membership dues being twenty-five cents a month. After hearing the testimony the jury convicted the man, and then Judge Pennypacker proceeded to deliver the sentence. If I remember correctly, the judge handed down a written decision. He said "that it made no difference whether the dues of the club were twenty-five cents or 25 a month. The principle is the same in both cases. It contravenes the State license law."

These gentlemen were all inexpressibly shocked, and each one declared that Judge Pennypacker could not have meant the particular club over which he presided. It was shocking, the idea that their aristocratic clubs should be considered on a plane with a "Penny Club" or a "Penny Club." The Police Gazette and the Philadelphia Evening Item.

The opinions of those club presidents were recorded in the Public Ledger the next day, but these printed negotiations were not considered conclusive. They were not authoritative. A court of record had classed them with the associations of a low-down club, and only a court of record would clear their club escutcheons of the stain.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania was then in session and the matter was hastily carried to that tribunal to have Judge Pennypacker's dictum set aside. Judge Edward S. Pennell, then Chief Justice, saw the dilemma of the Art Club members and came to their rescue. In a "learned opinion" he reversed Judge Pennypacker on the matter of club principles, and the result was that the downtown man did his bit for a term and the dissentant clubs were re-established in their social standing and remained so until Joseph Pennell came to his personal relations on the Art Club's differentiation between American and English officers.

It can also be recalled that when Judge Pennell came so quickly to the rescue of the dissentant he severely reprimanded the prohibitionists for their attitude toward the new license law. JAMES F. DAILY.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 24. [Ex-Governor Pennypacker discussed this case in chapter IX of his autobiography. He puts it in 1891.—Editor of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER.]

PENNYPACKER AND MORLEY
To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Writing under the date January 23, over the pseudonym "Historicus," a correspondent of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER drew a comparison between the autobiography of the Englishman, Morley, and that of Governor Pennypacker, setting the former book up as a model of propriety and revealing the letter writer's own mental tendencies and preferences by dwelling exclusively upon the Pennsylvania criticisms and ignoring altogether his equally frequent praise of good work and conduct.

It is curious how many critics there are who have access to sources of information which are denied Secretary Baker.—Springfield Republican.

AN OLD LAWSUIT ON LIQUOR IN CLUBS

Pennypacker Decision Reversed. Criticism in Rhyme—Autobiographies Compared

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
The history of ex-Governor Pennypacker, a very important one at the time, that has not appeared in his autobiography, but which has been recalled by reason of the outbreak between Joseph Pennell, the artist, and the Art Club, caused by the artist taking exception to British officers being served with wines while American officers were refused.

The matter referred to as occurring while Mr. Pennypacker was on the bench is, our Court of Common Pleas was in connection with the serving (or selling) of liquor in a club, and was the first case coming up under the new license law. It was the fall of 1888. An ex-saloonkeeper living near West Second and Ellsworth street, who had been refused a license by the first license court, brought the case on the day that the law was passed by the law and order society agents for selling liquor illegally. In other words, he was charged with keeping a speakeasy.

When the case came up in court the defendant and witnesses in his favor testified that the membership dues being twenty-five cents a month. After hearing the testimony the jury convicted the man, and then Judge Pennypacker proceeded to deliver the sentence. If I remember correctly, the judge handed down a written decision. He said "that it made no difference whether the dues of the club were twenty-five cents or 25 a month. The principle is the same in both cases. It contravenes the State license law."

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THE ONLY SQUEALERS

OUR WAR NEEDS

FOOD HOARDER

FOOD MASTER

FOOD HOARDER

U-BOAT DIPLOMACY
We must beware of one great peril. Our common enemy, beaten above ground, is reverting more and more to subterranean methods of warfare. He is endeavoring, by an enormous system of propaganda and agitation, to foster ill-feeling among the Allied countries.

Some of his devices are characteristically transparent. But his campaign makes up in comprehensiveness what it lacks in ability. The German propagandist is ubiquitous. French peasants are evoked to the British army will never evacuate Calais.

Canadians and Australians are told that the British army authorities habitually expose Dominion troops to the greatest dangers. Young American soldiers are asked why they are fighting for Wall Street.

Working men all over Europe and the United States are urged to strike for high wages on the ground that they are being exploited by profiteers. (There is just enough truth in this latter assertion to render it particularly formidable.)

All this propaganda, clumsy and useless as much of it is, has a definite aim—to create an atmosphere of mutual distrust and war weariness until the time comes for another peace offensive.—Jan Hay, in World's Work.

FOREIGN TRADE IN WORLD WAR
Proportions and values of international foreign trade during the world war are disclosed in the foreign trade figures of various countries for the year 1917. The foreign trade of the United States was more than doubled since 1913, jumping from less than \$1,000,000,000 in 1913 to more than \$9,000,000,000 in 1917; Great Britain's foreign trade has increased more than \$1,500,000,000 since 1913. France's foreign trade has increased more than \$2,000,000,000 since 1913, and Canada's increased from \$88,000,000 to \$2,250,000,000. All the international trade of the Allies in 1917 was \$7,000,000,000 greater than in 1913.

The world's apparently despite changes in volume, is not doing business as usual. The international trade among the allied belligerents has been largely that of war supplies. Markets of neutrals have not been developed even their existent, normal needs have been supplied.

GERMANS NOT BUYING STAMPS
Stamps of Great Britain's Virgin Islands have always been popular with collectors. The postal report of that colony for the fiscal year which ended in 1916 showed that the net loss on the workings of the post-office was \$270, whereas in the year which ended before the war began there was a profit of \$23,510, a drop of more than \$24,000. Regarding this difference, E. D. A. Tibbits, then chief postal clerk, said: "The loss is almost entirely due to the decrease of course, stamps to dealers." This decrease, of course, was brought about by the war—first, by the Entente blockade, which prevented stamps from getting into Germany, and second, by Germany's own prohibition against importing foreign stamps. That German dealers were heavy purchasers is shown by a statement of the then Governor of St. Helena, another British colony, in explanation of why postal receipts in 1917 were many thousands less than in the previous year. The Governor said he believed it was due to "smaller sales of stamps to nonresident dealers and collectors, most of whom are of German and Austrian nationality."

FORWARD
One who never turned his back. Never doubted clouds would break; Arouse, though sleep, field, we waited; To rise; sleep to wake. —Brownings.

What Do You Know?
QUIZ
1. Who is the Democratic leader in the House of Representatives?
2. Who are the Forty Immortals?
3. Where is Esthonia?
4. Who are the Menckeberts?
5. Who wrote "The Sign of the King"?
6. What country is called Albania and why?
7. What is meant by the phrase "To finish Aladdin's work"?
8. Give the author of the quotation "In the lecture of wrath there is no such word as fail."
9. Why is the Adam's apple so called?
10. Where is Alaska?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. Adolph Weydemeyer (pronounced Weems) is the British First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.
2. Red letter days, a lucky or happy day. In Germany, the day is marked by a red ribbon.
3. William Wordsworth wrote "The Excursion."
4. The Roundheads were the Puritans in the war with King Charles I so named because they cropped their hair.
5. Vitchek is a Russian province bordering on the Black Sea. Its capital is the town of Simferopol.
6. The poet, John Keats, wrote "The Sign of the King."
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ODE TO THE HARD-BOILED SHIRT
The hard-boiled shirt! The hard-boiled shirt! Which Mother pressed and Father wore! How tender memories revert To days and things that are no more! On every seventh morn it rose And fell upon his writhing sheet Beneath his one black suit of duds— His solemn, somber Sunday best— White! Shining! Destitute of dirt. An awesome thing, that hard-boiled shirt!

Six days a week in tattered jeans He heeded the corn and mowed the lawn - And milked the cows to gain the means - To dress up on the seventh day. On Sunday he whistled, brushed his hair - Comb out his whiskers, graced his face - And put that gleaming garment on. Men called him Deacon then, though even then they called him through the door "What's that called him through the door?"

It lent him dignity and poise. It gave him standing in the town; When he was wearing it the boys Would shudder if he chanced to frown. Alas! those good old days are gone! In these hard times when ruthless war Across the land sweeps on and on - No rigid vestment, slick and span, Remains to mark the gentleman! —New York Evening World.

NOT AN OPERA NOTE
Of course, the rumor of Krasinski's last fall upon his writing desk. Comb out his whiskers, graced his face - And put that gleaming garment on. Men called him Deacon then, though even then they called him through the door "What's that called him through the door?"